THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"AND THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT; AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER."—*Daniel.*

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MORMONISM FROM A MORMON POINT OF VIEW.

By Sir D. Wedderburn.

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The series of pamphlets by Orson Pratt contains discussions on a great variety of questions connected with Mormonism. In particular the "Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon" is considered at great length, as well as the question: "Was Joseph Smith sent of God?"

Mr. Orson Pratt endeavors to show, in the first place, that to expect more revelation is not *unscriptural;* secondly, that it is not *unreasonable;* and thirdly, that it is *indispensably necessary.* He then goes on to compare the evidences of the Book of Mormon and of the Bible, alleging that both alike have been confirmed by miracles, and that the prophecies of the Bible, especially those of Isaiah, have been fulfilled in the Book of Mormon and in the history of Mormonism. Through out his elaborate arguments he assumes the genuineness and authenticity of the Bible, an assumption which he is of course entitled to make in arguing with orthodox Christians. His position is: The truth of the Bible rests upon sufficient evidence, and this evidence is in every way weaker than that which can be adduced for the Book of Mormon—therefore, *à fortiori,* the Book of Mormon is true. Whatever may be the flaw in this syllogism, those whom Archdeacon Paley satisfies cannot fail to have some trouble in disposing of Mr. Orson Pratt. Towards other Christian sects, whose creeds "are an abomination unto the Lord," the Mormon Apostle displays but little brotherly feeling. Upon Papist and Protestant alike he pours out the vial of his wrath and contempt in language almost too forcible for quotation, but he seeks to base every reproach directed against them upon texts from the orthodox Scriptures. The pamphlet, entitled: "The Bible and tradition, without further revelation, an insufficient guide," is, in fact, a powerful onslaught upon modern Christendom, perhaps as damaging as any that a professed unbeliever could have made, although in this case the assailant accepts with reverence the

Christian Scriptures, seeking to found thereon a revelation newer and more complete.

It is somewhat disappointing, if the Book of Mormon is to be accepted as the new revelation, to find it so very inferior, alike in matter and in style, to its great predecessor. [The Nephites had not received the culture which marked the writers of the Hebrew Scriptures, Ed.] Nearly equal in bulk to the Old Testament, it lacks altogether the poetic grandeur and the graphic force of the Hebrew Scriptures, although the biblical phraseology has been laboriously imitated throughout. It is styled: "An Account written by the Hand of Mormon upon Plates taken from the Plates of Nephi. Translated by Joseph Smith, jun."

"Wherefore it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites, who are a remnant of the House of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile: written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and of revelation. Written and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed; to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof: sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the Lord, to come forth in due time by the hand of Gentile; the interpretation thereof by the gift of God."

"An abridgment taken from the Book of Ether also; which is a record of the people of Jared; who were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people when they were building a tower to get to Heaven; which is to show unto the remnant of the House of Israel what great things the Lord hath done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off for ever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile, that JESUS is the CHRIST, the ETERNAL GOD, manifesting himself unto all nations. And now if there are faults, they are the mistakes of men; wherefore condemn not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment seat of Christ."

The sacred volume is divided into thirteen books, bearing the names of various prophets, one of whom is Mormon. The last book is that of Môroni, who says:—

"Behold I, Moroni, do finish the record of my Father, Mormon. Behold, I have but few things to write, which things I have been commanded by my Father. And now it came to pass that after the great and tremendous battle of Cumorah, behold, the Nephites who had escaped into the country southward, were hunted by the Lamanites, until they were all destroyed; and my father was also killed by them, and I, even remain alone to write the sad tale of the destruction of my people. But behold, they are gone, and I fulfil the commandment of my father. And whether they will slay me, I know not; therefore I will write and hide up the records in the earth, and whither I go it mattereth not. Behold my Father hath made this record, and he hath written the intent thereof. And behold, I would write it also, if I had room upon the plates; but I have not; and ore I have none, for I am alone; my father hath been slain in battle, and all my kinsfolk, and I have not friends, nor whither to go; and how long the Lord will suffer that I may live, I know not. Behold, four hundred years have passed away since the coming of our Lord and Savior."

"And now behold, we have written this record according to our knowledge in the characters, which are called among us the reformed Egyptian, being handed down and altered by us, according to our manner of speech. And if our plates had been sufficiently large, we should have written in Hebrew; but the Hebrew hath been altered by us also; and if we could have written in Hebrew, behold, ye would have had no imperfection in our record. But the Lord knoweth the things which we have written, and also that none other people knoweth our language, therefore he hath prepared means for the interpretation thereof. And these things are written, that we may rid our garments of the blood of our brethren who have dwindled in unbelief. And behold, these things which we have desired

concerning our brethren, yea, even their restoration to the knowledge of Christ, is according to the prayers of all the saints who have dwelt in the land. And may the Lord Jesus Christ grant that their prayers may be answered according to their faith; and may God the Father remember the covenant which he hath made with the house of Israel; and may he bless them for ever, through faith on the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

The record in question professes to contain a history of the American continent from the date of its first colonization by Jared and his brother, at the time of the dispersion from Babel, down to the year A.D. 420, when Moroni, the last of the Nephite prophets, buried his plates in the hill of Cumorah. This account of prehistoric America is but a tedious composition, full of battles and slaughter, full of proper names, of reiterations, and of unnecessary phrases. We are told how the Jaredites, emigrants from the valley of Nimrod, who "did carry with them Deseret, which by interpretation is a honey-bee," attained to great civilization and prosperity in North America, and were utterly destroyed by internecine warfare about the year 600 B.C. They were succeeded by a "remnant of the house of Joseph," brought from Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah, to inherit the land. These appear to have crossed the Pacific Ocean, landing on the west coast of South America, whence they eventually overspread that continent. They separated before long into two distinct nations, known as Nephites and Lamanites, the former migrating from the persecutions of the latter, and sailing "forth into the west sea by the narrow neck which led into the land northward." Through the personal ministry of Jesus Christ, who visited them shortly after his ascension, the Nephites were converted from the Mosaic to the Christian faith, which was in time accepted by the Lamanites also; and for two hundred years they prospered and multiplied, and there was no contention in the land, all things being common among them. This golden age was succeeded by a period of apostacy; "and from that time forth they did have their goods and their substance no more common among them, and they began to be divided into classes, and they began to build up churches unto themselves, to get gain, and began to deny the true church of Christ." A terrible war broke out between the Nephites, now settled in North America (known as the land Desolation), and the Lamanites, who invaded them from the land Bountiful, lying southward of the Isthmus of Darien. This war ended in the annihilation of the Nephites, "an exceeding fair and delightsome people," while a degraded remnant of the Lamanites still survive, after fifteen centuries of rapine and discord, under the name of American Indians. "Now the heads of the Lamanites were shorn; and they were naked, save it were skin, which was girded about their loins; and the skins of the Lamanites were dark, according to the mark which was set upon their fathers, which was a curse upon them because of their transgression." Thus the term *Gentiles* is properly used to denote the *white man*, as distinguished from the copper-colored house of Israel, and the Mormons themselves are expressly described as the "Gentile Saints." For the remnant of Joseph a glorious future is prophesied. They, the despised redskins, shall have the land for their inheritance, and it shall be "a land of liberty unto the Gentiles, and there shall be no kings upon the land." They are to be the chief agents in building the New Jerusalem, and will be converted and redeemed before their brethren of Judah.

The story of the plates, from which the sacred book is said to have been translated, first into English, and subsequently into nearly all the European languages, is of some interest from an archæological point of view, and may be told in a few words. They are described as having been found by Joseph Smith in a cyst composed of six stones, smooth on the inner surfaces, and firmly cemented together. This stone box was buried in the side of a hill near Palmyra, in the State of New York. The plates had the appearance of gold, were six by eight inches in width and length, each plate being nearly as thick as

common tin. They were filled on both sides with small characters beautifully engraved, and were fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole: thus bound together they formed a volume about six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. Various unsuccessful attempts were made by the enemies of Joseph Smith to obtain possession of these plates, and they finally disappeared, having been examined and described by eleven persons, whose testimony, signed with their names, is added to the Book of Mormon.

The evidence of these persons would have been more conclusive had not all of them been believers in the new prophet; moreover the disappearance of the plates is not quite satisfactorily explained by the statement that they were restored to the charge of the angel under whose guidance they were discovered. Still the actual existence, as well as the genuine antiquity, of plates such as Joseph Smith is said to have brought to light in 1827, seems to have been sufficiently verified elsewhere.

In 1843, near Kinderhook, Illinois, in excavating a large mound six brass plates were discovered, of a bell shape, four inches in length, and covered with ancient characters. They were fastened together with two iron wires, almost entirely corroded, and were found, along with charcoal, ashes, and human bones, more than twelve feet below the surface of a mound of the sugar-loaf form common in the Mississippi Valley. Large trees growing upon these artificial mounds attest their great antiquity, and doubtless they contain much that will reward future investigation. No key has yet been discovered for the interpretation of the engravings upon these brass plates, or of the strange glyphs upon the ruins of Otolum in Mexico; but when an amount of talent, learning, and labor, equal to that bestowed upon Egyptian hieroglyphics or Assyrian cuneiform characters, has been devoted to American antiquities, we may hope to learn something of those mysterious races whose history the Book of Mormon professes to tell.

But if we admit that the plates themselves may have been genuine, our faith in the founder of Mormonism, as a sincere religious enthusiast, is staggered by his mode of interpreting their contents. He tells us that he found along with the records an instrument, called by him the Urim and Thummim, and described as consisting of "two transparent stones set in the rim of a bow." Through the medium of this instrument, he says that he translated the unsealed portion of these scanty records, the result being a bulky volume in English, but he does not explain whether he used it as a magnifier, nor how it proved to be a Rosetta stone for his hieroglyphics, merely asserting that it was "by the gift and power of God." That Joseph Smith believed in his own mission his character and career alike appear to indicate, and the many ecstatic visions which he describes were probably real enough to him, but the compilation of the Book of Mormon was an act involving much time and labor, and cannot be accounted for by ecstasy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE THRONE OF SOLOMON.

The following account of this remarkable piece of mechanism purports to be taken from the Persian manuscript called "The History of Jerusalem:"

"The sides of it were of pure gold, the feet of emeralds and rubies intermixed with pearls, each of which was as large as an ostrich's egg. The throne had seven steps, on each side were delineated orchards full of trees, the branches of which were of precious stones, representing fruit ripe and unripe; on the tops of trees were to be seen figures of plumage birds, particularly the peacock, the etaugh and kurges. All these birds were hollowed within artificially, so as to occasionally utter melodious sounds, such as the ear of mortal never heard.

On the first step were delineated vine branches, having bunches of grapes, composed of precious stones of various kinds, fashioned in such a manner as to represent the various colors of purple, violet, green, and red, as to render the appearauce of real fruit. On the second step, on each side of the throne, were two lions of terrible aspect, large as life, and formed of cast gold.

"The nature of this remarkable throne was such that when Solomon placed his foot on the first step the birds spread their wings and made a fluttering noise in the air. On his touching the second step, the whole assemblage of demons, and fairies, and men, repeated the praise of the Deity. When he arrived at the fourth step, voices were heard addressing him in the following manner: 'Son of David, be thankful for the blessings which the Almighty has bestowed upon you.' The same was repeated on his reaching the fifth step. On his reaching the sixth, all the children of Israel joined them; and on his arrival at the seventh, all the birds and animals became in motion, and ceased not until he had placed himself on the royal seat, when the birds, lions, and other animals, by secret springs, discharged a shower of the most precious perfumes on Solomon, after which two of the kurges descended and placed the golden crown upon his head.

"Before the throne was a column of burnished gold, on the top of which was a golden dove, which held in its beak a volume bound in silver. In this book was written the Psalms of David, and the dove having presented the book to the king, he read aloud a portion of it to the children of Israel. It is further related that on the appreach of evil persons to the throne, the lions were wont to set up a terrible roaring, and to lash their tails with violence; the birds also, and the demons and genii to utter horrid cries; so, for fear of them, no one dared to be guilty of falsehood, but all confessed their crimes. Such was the throne of Solomon, the son of David."

THEIR UTTER LACK OF PRINCIPLE.

In all the movements of those who compose or sustain the narrow ring of persons who are opposed to the interests of the people of this Territory, one thing is ever conspicuously patent—their utter lack of principle. They are absolutely recreant to the fundamental principle of American government, statesmanship, or politics. Perhaps we ought to except the latter, if understood in its very modern meaning in this country, which is, struggle for the spoils. It does not matter a bit to these ring people what they are known as, so long as there is hope of their obtaining their nefarious ends. They are everything by turns, and nothing long, except the same unscrupulous characters as they always were, at least since their connection with the ring. They will be republican or democratic, Grant or anti-Grant, conservative or radical, liberal or anti-liberal, anything or nothing, but they are recreant to all, with the proviso that they are always "loyal," intensely "loyal," which, in the peculiar ring vocabulary, means dead set after the money. O they are stupendously "loyal," they are! They monopolize the "loyalty," they do indeed! By hook or by crook they mean to have all the "loyalty" possible, that is, all the money getable. The taxes they are particularly hungry for, and even rave about stealing them before they are paid. O what "loyal" people they are to be sure!

One fundamental American principle is, that all men are created equal. This is the ringites trample in the mire.

Another fundamental American principle is that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. This the ringites trample in the mire.

Another fundamental American principle is that to secure these just rights governments are instituted among men. This the ringites trample in the mire.

Another fundamental American principle is that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. This the ringites trample in the mire.

Another fundamental American principle is that the majority shall rule in accordance with the above principles. This the ringites trample doubly in the mire. They are opposed to the majority ruling, when they, the ringites, are not in the majority, and they are opposed to the above principles when not favoring their ambitious schemes.

In doing despite to all these acknowledged fundamental principles of American government, the ringites prove that they are neither republican nor democratic. They are not liberal, but exceedingly illiberal. They are not so liberal as monarchists, but are extremely despotic, more despotic than the accepted despots of the old world.

They are notably in the minority, yet would they rule, and rule arbitrarily, over the majority.

They would have a delegate sent to Congress, to represent the unscrupulous minority, and misrepresent the respectable and overwhelming majority.

They would have all officials, local and Federal, chosen from the minority, to rule over the majority.

They would deny the majority the rights of naturalization.

They would deny the majority the rights of citizenship.

They would have the majority tried before juries composed exclusively of persons from the minority.

They would have the majority pay all the taxes, and the minority steal and spend them.

They would have the minority vote early and often, and the majority be deprived of the right to vote at all.

They would have the majority exemplarily punished, by law if it could conveniently be, but without law, if it could not be done with.

They would have the majority sent to the penitentiary, and their property sequestrated and confiscated for the benefit of the minority, "assessed for campaign purposes.

They would do all this and much more, always and in each, every, and all cases providing that they, the ringites themselves, were the minority, which they are notoriously at present, and are likely to be, thank heaven.

That the ringites do or would do all these vile things is plainly manifest by their constant proceedings, their misrepresentations and lies, their slanders and libels, their browbeatings of officials, their shameful abuse of respected citizens and of all who do not aid and abet the ringite conspiracies, their continual attempts to violently twist the law and influence the courts to swerve from the line of impartiality and right, their ceaseless attempts to obtain from Congress special and proscriptive legislation, their corrupt actions of divers kinds, and their unscrupulous and rascally conduct in general.

What competent term can be applied to these ringite characters? They are certainly not American in any true sense of the word. They are an abnormal growth, that should be judiciously pruned from the body politic, an unsightly wen, defying all laws of symmetrical contour, a loathsome ulcer, eating its sickening and corrupting way into the political corporeality.

Such are the ringites beyond controversy, as demonstrated by their own outrageous record. They are the enemies of God and man incontestably. Who would vote for them, or for their candidate? Nobody who has the slightest love for his country, for his fellow man. Nobody who possesses the faintest scintilla of self-respect.—*Deseret News.*

SOME OF THE "SACRED PLACES."

THE POOL OF SILOAM AND THE VALLEY OF TOPHET.—On our way to the Pool of Siloam we passed the village of Siloam, which is inhabited by about a thousand Moslems—a nest of stone huts and caves clinging to the side-hill, and exactly the grey color of its stones. The occupation of the

inhabitants appears to be begging, and hunting for old copper coins, mites, and other pieces of Jewish money. These relics they pressed upon us with the utmost urgency. It was easier to satisfy the beggars than the traders, who sallied out upon us like hungry wolves from their caves. There is a great choice of disagreeable places in the East, but I cannot now think of any that I should not prefer as a residence to Siloam. The pool of Siloam, magnified in my infant mind as "Siloam's shady rill," is an unattractive sinkhole of dirty water, surrounded by modern masonry. The valley here is very stony. Just below we came to Solomon's Garden, an arid spot, with patches of stone walls, struggling to be a vegetable garden, and somewhat green with lettuce and Jerusalem artichokes. I have no doubt it was quite another thing when Solomon and some of his wives used to walk here in the cool of the day, and even when Shallum, the son of Col-hozeh, set up "the wall of the Pool of Siloah by the king's garden." We continued on, down to Jacob's Well, passing on the way Isaiah's Tree, a decrepit sycamore propped up by a stone pillar, where that prophet was sawn asunder. There is no end to the cheerful associations of the valley. The Well of Joab, a hundred and twenty-five feet deep, and walled and arched with fine masonry, has a great appearance of antiquity. We plucked maidenhair from its crevices, and read the Old Testament references. Near it is a square pool fed by its water. Some little distance below this the waters of all these wells, pools, drains, sinks, or whatever they are, reappear, bursting up through a basin of sand and pebbles, as clear as crystal, and run brawling off down the valley under a grove of large olive-trees—a scene rural and inviting. I suppose it would be possible to trace the whole system of underground waterways and cisterns, from Solomon's Pool, which sends its water into town by an aqueduct near the Jaffa Gate to Hezekiah's Pool, to the cisterns under the Haram, and so out to the Virgin's Well, the Pool of Siloam, and the final gush of sweet water below. This valley drains, probably artificially, as well as naturally, the whole city, for no sewers exist in the latter. We turned back from this sparkling brook, which speedily sinks into the ground again, absorbed by the thirsty part of the valley called Tophet, and went up the Valley of Hinnom, passing under the dark and frowning ledges of Aceldama, honeycombed with tombs. In this "field of blood" a grim stone structure forms the front of a natural cave, which is the charnel-house where the dead were cast pell-mell, in the belief that the salts in the earth would speedily consume them. The path we travel is rugged, steep, and incredibly stony. The whole of this region is inexpressibly desolate, worn-out, pale, uncanny. The height above this rocky terrace, stuffed with the dead, is the Hill of Evil Counsel, where the Jews took counsel against Jesus; and to add the last touch of an harmonious picture, just above this Potter's Field stands the accursed tree upon which Judas hanged himself, raising its gaunt branches against the twilight sky, a very gallows-tree to the imagination. It has borne no fruit since Iscariot. Towards dusk, sometimes, as you stand on the wall by Zion Gate, you may almost fancy you can see him dangling there. It is of no use to tell me that the seed that raised this tree could not have sprouted till a thousand years after Judas was crumbled into dust; one must have faith in something. This savage gorge, for the Valley of Hinnom is little more than that in its narrowest part, has few associations that are not horrible. Here Solomon set up the images ("the groves," or the graven images,) and the temples for the lascivious rites of Ashtoreth, or the human sacrifices to Moloch. Here the Jews, the kings and successors of Solomon, with few exceptions, and save an occasional spasmodic sacrifice to Jehovah when calamity made them fear Him, practiced all the abominations of idolatry in use in that age. The Jews had always been more or less addicted to the worship of the god of Ammon, but Solomon first formally established it in Hinnom.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1876.

THE BOOK.

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One of the oldest and most widely known Books among men, is that called "The Bible." In the literature of mankind it stands unique; it has survived the mutations of time; the flight of ages but invests it with increasing interest; it antedates all history, and present nationalities, who pride themselves as among the most ancient, in view of its antiquity are but as the young man to the oldest of his race; it professes to mark, in an almost definite manner, the peopling of our earth; the probabilities are, its existence will be as enduring as that of man; it has been subject to more scrutiny, to more analysis, to more comment, to a greater variety of intellectual force, than any other existing thing; it has been the recipient of worship, of homage, of deference, and of faith; to its elucidation have been offered uncounted lives; to explain its mysteries, to solve its enigmas, to harmonize its contrarieties, to rectify its presumed errors, to translate its contents, to establish its doctrines, to expound its prophecies, to enforce its precepts, to inculcate its practices, to give vitality to its ordinances, to vindicate its cause, to understand its promises, to propagate its faith, to extend its circulation, and to impart its spirit, it has evoked the daring, the enthusiasm, the culture, and labor of the master spirits of every Christian land; itself without a creed, it has been the silent father of its thousands; systems numerous as snowflakes point to it as their great charter; officers point to it as their authority, peoples as to the foundation of their faith; the most monstrous crimes have been justified from its pages, and the highest efforts of philanthropy fail to realize its ideal; slavery found in it a silent authority, and the "perfect law of liberty" is foreshadowed in its horoscope; kings find in it their precedent for right divine to reign, and republics turn to it that they may consolidate their, as yet, experimental rule; it is evidently the servant of all, but it numbers more slaves than any despotism of the past or present; it is presented to childhood and youth, to the young man going forth to the battle of life, and to the weary sufferer of three score years and ten, as he passes through the valley of the shadow of death; it has been an important factor in the framing of all institutions; statesmen have gone to it for their jurisprudence; science for ages was circumscribed by an interpretation of its passages; hygeine can substantiate its latest theories by reference to its most ancient utterances; churches find precedent for their pomp and ritual;

the Quaker meeting house for its baldness and ugliness, and the "Ecclesiasa" for their wealth and bloom of architecture--they alike declare their indebtedness to the self-same source. Men have been so jealous of its contents, that its books, chapters, and even letters have been counted, and others so zealous for its reputation as to consistency and truth, that they have crowded its pages with improved readings, new renderings, annotations, references, and notes, till it is almost as bewildering as the ancient maze; it has given color and glow to literature; poetry worships at its shrine; its beauty and prodigality of imagery, its variety of figure, its wealth of illustration, its magnificence and simplicity of diction, its poems and parables, its prophecies and psalms, are the unexhausted reservoir of the student; its sacred fire has lit the torch in many a hand, and on all altars which have been erected by letters, flames in greater or less degree the inspirational glory of that wondrous record; it deals with the origin of our race, gives a shadowy history of its greatest ancient glory, of the meridian manifestations of religious and national character, and, sweeping through the then unknown future, points to, and prophesies of a "new heaven and new earth," which involves the interests of ages even now to come.

Hail! incomparable Book. What is the wondrous magnetism by which the nations have been turned to thee? By what wondrous array of fortuitous circumstances hast thou survived the wreck of nations, the overthrow of dynasties, the removal of kingdoms, the extinction of races, and the flight of time? How is it that thou hast survived, and neither been slain by the kindness of thy friends, or by the malice and rancor of thine enemies, that thou art to-day the "observed of all observers?" At once the bulwark and high tower of many humble souls, and the butt of every rude and vulgar sceptic—thou art the counselor of kings, the support of the clergy, the foundation of the churches, the great Fetish of the masses, and at the same moment the object upon which polished sarcasm, scathing criticism, untiring and unflinching scholarly research, seem as yet to apply their open and insidious batteries in vain, even with the concentrated resources and wealth of this pre-eminently enlightened and critical age? Shall we witness in our day thy triumphant vindication, or thine ignominious overthrow? Will thy marvelous history be counted mythical and apochryphal, or may we in the signs of the times and the fulfillment of thy prophetic utterances, yet be able to discover thy true character, and the purpose for which thou wast given to man? Art thou not as a strong man bound in the prison house of Babylon? Art thou not perverted, misrepresented, misunderstood, and sealed? And is not thy spirit and life as much a secret to thy professed friends as to thine avowed enemies? Or may we not hope for keys by which to evolve from chaos and confusion the grand secret of thy vitality and power? It is true thou art a record of antiquity, that in thee we have intimations of our origin, that man was made in the image of his Maker, that communication existed between the two, that they talked with each other face to face, that messengers, called Prophets, were among the fathers, but they long since fell asleep!

True, that thou sayest the Father did send "his Son, his well-beloved Son," that he also had communion as before, and that Prophets and Apostles were in his and the succeeding time, but they also fell asleep! And thousands wish

they had lived when thy pages now, were as yet unfilled, and the record as yet unwritten. These thousands appeal to thy conservators, to those who profess to hold thee in reverence, to have wisdom to explain thy history and contents; They reply, that thou art an exceptional history, for an exceptional time, to an exceptional people, that the day of inspiration is gone, the age of revelation is for ever past, the necessity for Apostles and Prophets only belonged to the dark ages, were unused, unsuited, unnecessary in an age like this. Then these thousands appeal to thee. Wilt thou not befriend them? Wilt thou not encourage them? May they not hope for deliverance from confusion and Babylon, and see again a restoration of the blessings and privileges of thy past, that their future history may be as thine? They also appeal in their day of cloud and darkness to the Father, saying, "Remember us as thou didst our fathers, and show us thy salvation." We turn to thy pages and read, "The Lord will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance, But judgment shall return unto righteousness, and all the upright in heart shall follow it." (Psalm xciv, 14, 15.) It may be said among men, as was said by the strong angel who proclaimed with a loud voice, "Who is worthy to open the Book and loose the seals thereof, and no man in heaven nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the Book, neither to look thereon." (Rev. v, 2, 3.) And the Prophet, like earth's thousands, wept because "no man was found worthy to open and to read the Book, neither to look thereon;" yet, as the vision sped, "they sung a new song, saying, "Thou art worthy to take the Book, and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth. (Rev. v, 2, 10.) And still the vision sped, until the Prophet says, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the Everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell upon the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, Saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him." (Rev. xiv, 6, 7.) Then comes the end of Babyion, or confusion; to them that believe, the harmony, unity, and purpose of the "Good old Bible" are perceived and understood. With all God given revelation it shall fill its mission, whether prophecy or parable, whether poetry or promise, whether law or Gospel, whether threatening or judgment, whether proverb or principle, whether ordinance or institution, whether simplicity or mystery, whether life or death, it shall evolve a rounded whole, until

> The Truth shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his uncounted ages run;
> Its empire stretch from sea to shore,
> 'Till darken'd worlds shall roll no more.

H. W. N.

ARRIVALS.—The following Elders have arrived from Utah:—Nov. 23rd, John E. Bitton; Nov. 26th, by S.S. *Wyoming*, Bishop J. Rowberry, George Atkin, Charles D. Evans, George Barber, William Stokes, Thomas Barratt, Bendi Jensen, J. C. Christiansen, Jens C. Nielsen, Richard Steele, John Proctor, and John Tracy. The last three are on a visit. The balance were called as missionaries at the last General Conference. With the exception of three, who left immediately for Denmark, the brethren have taken a few days

to visit their relatives and renew old acquaintances. We bespeak for these faithful laborers a good reception and candid hearing, as men of large and varied experience in the building up of the kingdom of God. In blessing others, they shall be blessed themselves. H. W. N.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From *Deseret News:*—

Sunset Crossing, Arizona,
October 5, 1876.

Brother A. F. Macdonald:

Dear Sir,—We arrived here safe, and had a first-rate time, no accidents of any kind happened. The wagons stood the trip first-rate, the cattle improved and looked well. We have forty-five miles to go yet to the place of destination, and expect to have the mill running in three weeks. Brother Smith says there is plenty of good water, timber, and plenty of fine grass for the stock. The mill will be set so as to be convenient to all the camps, and about the same distance from each. Brother Tinney has been out in the timbers with a party of men for some time, making arrangements to set the mill. His health is somewhat improved.

The camps are all sending back for provisions to the different wards. They think they will raise sufficient for seed and no more. What grain they have raised is No. 1. The corn is better than I ever saw in Dixie, large fine ears. We have had no frost yet. The weather is fine, the camp are all in fine health, and all feel well. If you should have an opportunity of sending me anything in the shape of clothing you will please send in care of Lot Smith, and in regard to provisions, I suppose the mission has to furnish brother Tinney and myself. We find we need to have help this year. I think next year we shall be able to take care of ourselves.

I remain yours in the Gospel,

JOHN A. MCCONNELL.

St. George, October 24.

Editor Deseret News:

The foregoing letter reached here on the 22nd instant, *via* Denver, Col. Elder McConnell accompanied W. R. Tinney with the steam saw mill from Mount Trumbull. We crossed the mill at Lee's Ferry last month, twelve men from the camps with ox-teams being there to receive it, according to President Young's instructions.

We thought the news items might interest those of your readers called to take part in the Southern mission. [It interests us here. Ed.]

Yours truly,

A. F. MACDONALD.

Johnson, Kane County, Utah,
October 14, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

I took a trip to the Pahreah a few days since, for the first time, so I thought I would write a few lines concerning the country between here and there. Perhaps it will be of interest to some of my friends who may read your paper. In the vicinity of eight miles east of here is what we call the Navaho Wells, at which place a small stone house was erected by brother J. Blythe and Company, some three years ago. They also improved the water capacity by digging deeper and walling up the wells. There is no chance for stock to range at this place, on account of the water having to be dipped up. Stock cannot get at it themselves. The direct route to the Pahreah is not by the Wells, but travellers frequently go that way to water their teams.

From four to six miles northeast of the Wells, over a rolling country, with here and there nice patches of grass, then sage and rabbit brush, grease wood, Spanish rush, cedars, pinion pine, and various kinds of other brush and trees too numerous to mention, is what is known as Petrified Point, deriving its name from the fact of there being a great quantity of petrified wood, which shows the grain of the wood well, a great many pieces looking as if the wood had been sawed

up and split. The petrifactions are of all sizes, from the minutest particle to a foot and a half long by a foot through, with every color, from a milk white to a coal black, that you can think of. It lies on low clay hills of a light bluish color.

Some six miles further is what is called the Hun-Kutch-ey Pass, on the north side of the road, with the Buckskin Wash on the South, the former being a pass through the cliffs, the latter a wash through the Buckskin Mountain, connecting with each other.

Eight or nine miles further you are on the divide. Then you begin going down, down, among the hills and hollows, not being able to imagine where the road goes a quarter of a mile ahead, in fact, seeing nothing but red, white and yellow hills, with a few scrubby cedars and pines, no grass, with scarcely any brush of any kind. So for about four miles, where if you are on the look out you can catch a glimpse of the town, about half a mile off, as you are rounding a point of rock. Then comes the creek, with the town on the other side. When I was there it was storming. There was a flood coming down. I could not cross. I had the pleasure of gazing upon the town from the opposite side of the creek. There is another town, down the creek about ten miles. It is impossible to go down there while the flood is coming. Within five miles the creek is crossed twenty odd times. After each flood, crossings have to be worked. Every now and then during the flood a piece of their farming land, crop and all, takes itself down the creek at a furious rate. It is remarkable how the "Mormons" can make pleasant homes in such out of the way places, and under such unfavorable circumstances. The hand of Providence must be in it.

Pahreah in Indian means Stinking or Dirty Water. It is very appropriate, for the stench is horrible when the flood is coming.

We are having our equinoctial storm now. It has been storming, with but little abating, since the 11th instant, being at present cold and disagreeable.

Yours truly,

ELMER W. JOHNSON.

St. George, Oct. 25, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

The weather is growing cooler. Wine making is in active operation. The farmers are sowing fall wheat, and all who desire to work can find plenty of it to do, if they will take trade for pay.

St. George has the finest cemetery south of Salt Lake City. It is situated on a rising piece of ground, east of the city, surrounded by a fine five-foot picket fence, neatly whitewashed, has large and small gates on four sides, painted green. A fine young row of shade trees adorns the walks around the outside of the cemetery, and many trees and flowers are within the enclosure. This is due to the untiring industry and perseverance of our worthy Sexton, Thomas Cottam, who seems to take pleasure in making the resting place of the dead beautiful. Other sextons should follow his example, at least I think so, judging from the appearance of some grave-yards at this end of the Territory.

A few days ago I wandered into J. E. Johnson's garden, the finest I have seen south of Salt Lake. Trees loaded with fine large apples, pears, so rich in flavor, they must be tasted to be appreciated, and then the thousand varieties of flowers, in all their rich, variegated, and radiant beauty, lead one to forget the surroundings of our city, and imagine he is in a rich tropical climate, instead of in the desert of America.

From there I wended my way to the hills north of our city, and got a fine view of the small, but far-famed, city of St. George. The first building that strikes the attention is the Temple, its style is something like the gothic, but more of the composite order, and it is quite a contrast in color from the red hills surrounding our valley, as it looks pure and white. No doubt a great work affecting the living and the dead will be done within its walls.

Work on the Temple is progressing rapidly towards completion. The interior finish is not pretentious, but neat and well executed, and I think it will give satisfaction to the designers! A fine view of the valley can be obtained from the roof, also from the

large dome. The fencing around the Temple block will be commenced immediately. Grading the block continues and is nearly completed. The ladies, under the direction of Mrs. Ivins, have been washing the floors, and placing things in order, in the finished portion of the building.

The next building of importance is the Tabernacle, whose spire rears one hundred and forty feet, which is finished with a gold ball and vane.

To the left of that stands our Court House. The masons have commenced work on the portico of the building. Carpenters are also fitting up the interior, and hopes are entertained that agent R. Bentley will not cease his exertions until the building is entirely completed.

Many tidy residences in the midst of vines and trees complete the picture of loveliness in the desert.

The lumber for the bridge across the Rio Virgen begins to arrive, and it is hoped that before long that treacherous stream will be spanned by a fine new bridge. Romney, Cox, and Rogers are the contractors who build the bridge.

Our energetic friend, R. C. Lund, guarantees to the freighters forty dollars per ton for hauling Grand Gulch copper ore to the R. R. terminus; this enables them to buy wheat in Sanpete, and load back with flour, and this will enable us to keep our molasses for home consumption. Therefore Sanpeters will not be sweetened with Dixie molasses so much this year, unless they come after it.

In the Second Ward, Bishop H. Eyring is endeavoring to organize a Branch of the United Order, the businesses to be engaged in being the manufacture of pottery wares, hats, etc. A meeting for that purpose was held last Sunday evening.

There is but one liquor store in town, kept by J. W. Nixon, which seems to lack customers to make it a lucrative business. It a is kind of co-operative concern.

A. R. Whitehead has recently opened a music store, west of St. George Hall, and we hope the taste for music will increase, and his patronage also.

A. Y. McDonald still manifests his interest in the building of the Temple, by his work in the T. O. Department, as well as in keeping the "Big House."

AMRAM.

From *Salt Lake Herald*:—

Mount Pleasant, Sanpete,
October 24, 1876.

Editors Herald:

A terrific snowstorm a day or two ago, dressed the valley and the hills in a robe of beautiful white. Yesterday old Sol disputed the sway of the winter king and melted his greatness and asserted his right to reign a while longer, for the husbandman had not gathered Ireland's staple commodity—the potato; neither had the said husbandman threshed his heaps of grain.

We have now a new importation, Mr. John Rallemberg, a native of Poland, who in the belief that it would be profitable, has entered into articles of copartnership with Messrs. Oldham Fischer, Johansen & Johnson, and thrown their card to the breeze, as the Mount Pleasant Pearl Barley manufacturing company, and who shall dispute their claims for they are gritty in the manufacture of grits. This same John Rallemberg espoused Zion's cause last Sunday by baptism, and seems to walk in newness of life. In the mold and fashion of the day's architecture the good people here can if they see fit, put on sixty different styles of mold, from the machine of the Union furniture manufacturing company.

The Presbyterian meeting house, as also the schoolhouse, has put on a new coat of paint. An excellent lady, Miss Snow, here teaches the young idea how to shoot. A young normal student is teaching in the 1st ward schoolhouse, and gives evidence of great ability.

Bishop W. S. Seely is around, actively moving in the premises of ratification meetings, etc., and though this burg on the Sanpitch is sometimes questioned as to its loyalty, it will produce a greater vote for G. Q. Cannon than ever.

The sole surviving member of the saloon family succumbed to the prohibitory ordinance, and thus the feature is changed for other burgs who protested so loudly in court and market place against the fiend.

D. C.

A PLAGUE OF FLIES.

The following account of a plague of flies is given by a Calcutta paper: When people read of the plague of flies of Egypt, they are sometimes apt to wonder what sort of flies they were—whether they were our common and sometimes very tiresome visitor, the house-fly, or whether they were a species of mosquito, or what. They could not well have been more tiresome than those little side-walking, biting, jumping green flies that are said to usher in the cold season in India. Of these Calcutta has had a veritable plague during the evenings of the past week. It has been scarcely possible to sit at a table where there was a light. These flies come to flavor the soup, to improve the tea, or to fill up the inkstand. They cover a book if one attempts to read, or they settle on people's spectacles, or jump into their eyes. If people talk, they have to be careful lest they draw in more than the needful breath. The streets have scarcely been better than the houses, and we have seen some people passing lamp-posts with handkerchiefs over their faces, and others trying to protect themselves by the vigorous working of a fan, against which the insects rattle like peas. To drive in an open carriage was like meeting a hail storm; and in some places business, where pleasure is business, has been brought to a stand. Flies burn their wings in the lamps of the billiard-room, and the dead flies shunt balls that are gently rolling for a delicate cannon, or turn them from the direct line to the pocket. Even the skating rink had to be closed. At the Corinthian the entrance hall was literally covered with them, the walls green with their numbers, and the floor carpeted with their bodies. At the entrance to the *buffet* they lay in heaps to the thickness of a hearthrug under the gaslights, and in the house itself they were a great nuisance.—*Liverpool Post, Nov. 18th.*

UTAH NEWS.

From the *Deseret News*:—

APPLES.—From brother Elnathan Eldredge we have fine specimens of Rhode Island Greening and Spitzenburg apples, raised at Malad City, Idaho Territory.

ANOTHER BRANCH.—A tailoring department has been opened in the ladies' store for home productions, in the Old Constitution Building.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—To-morrow morning, (October 31st) Elders Henry Grow, of this city, James Straw, of Springville, and J. E. Brinton, of Big Cottonwood, purpose leaving this city for Philadelphia. They have all been appointed to labor in the Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland Missionary District, over which Elder Grow has been selected to preside. The latter is a native of the first-named State, and will visit among his relatives there, whom he has not seen for over thirty years.

DEPARTED SOUTH.—This morning (Nov. 1st) President Brigham Young and Elders Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and Brigham Young, Jun., accompanied by members of some of their families, left this city, by special train, on their way to St. George. They were accompanied to the end of the Utah Southern track by a large number of relatives and friends, besides a large crowd of others assembled at the the railway depot to take farewell of Prest. Young and party.

MORTUARY.—Sexton's Report for October, 1876. Males 10, females 22; of these adults 12, children 20; causes of death as reported—inflammation

lungs 2; inflammation brain 3; marasmus 1; typhoid fever 3; asthma 1; diphtheria 1; cerebral apoplexy 1; heart disease 1; consumption 1; croup 1; found dead 1; child bed 1; old age 3; convulsions 1; teething 5; still born 4; effects of a worm in the stomach 1; effects of sun stroke 1; total number of interments 32. There are 38 deaths less this year than there were last year in October. J. E. TAYLOR, Sexton.

NEW SUPERINTENDENT.—At a meeting (Nov. 4th) of the Board of Directors of the Deseret Telegraph Company, held at President B. Young's Office, Oct. 31st, William B. Dougall was elected Superintendent of the Company, vice A. M. Musser resigned.

DEPARTURE.—Elder Thomas G. Webber, late Secretary and Treasurer of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, left this morning, (Nov. 4th) for England, to which country he goes on a mission. A host of warm friends in this city and Territory will, with us, wish him abundant success.

GONE EASTWARD.—This morning (Nov. 4th) Hyrum B. Clawson, Esq., departed eastward, on a business trip. For a considerable time Z. C. M. I. has determined to go out of the business of trading in hides, pelts and wool, wagons and machinery, and has lately consummated that intention. Mr. Clawson has gone into these lines of business, and his present eastern trip is in the interest of his new enterprise. The gentleman has had a long experience in connection wfth Z. C. M. I., as the Superintendent, and other mercantile houses, giving him an unusually comprehensive experience, which, together with his natural aptitude for business, will doubtless enable him to make this personal enterprise a success.

TO EUROPE.—The missionaries called at the late Conference to go to Europe, are expected to meet at the Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, on Monday, November 6th, at 2 p.m., preparatory to leaving on their missions the next day.
JOHN ROWBERRY.

KNITTED UNDERSHIRT.—Yesterday (Nov. 4th) we were shown a knitted undershirt, manufactured by Hyrum Foreman, with a Tompkins knitting machine, which can be run by power. The article was from ordinary white home-made yarn, and capable of keeping the wearer at a comfortable temperature in the coldest weather. Mr. Foreman intends pursuing that branch of industry, and will have samples at Z. C. M. I.

From the *Salt Lake Herald:* —

'TIS WELL TO REMEMBER.—It wouldn't be a bad idea to pin the little boy's comparison of "cold" to your memory nowadays: "Positive, cold; comparative, cough; superlative, coffin."

CHANGED.—The recent change in the weather (Oct. 31st) has had its effect on garden-gate hinges. The lovesick swains now say, "Beet be by boodlighdt alode;" but they don't say where. Near some N. 6 parlor stove, we presume.

From the *Ogden Junction*, Oct. 30th—

Judge F. D. Richards, this morning, received from Hon. A. P. Rockwood, 2,000 salmon fry for the Ogden and Weber rivers. The people of Weber County should appreciate this courtesy. If we can get our rivers well stocked with salmon, our material wealth will be considerably increased, and a nutritious and extremely palatable article of diet will be added to our food supplies. However, unless more care is taken to prevent seining, our streams will soon be denuded of their choice fish, which would be a great loss to the community.

From the Beaver *Enterprise*, Nov. 1st—

Mr. Wm. Greenwood, a Beaver County farmer, has this year harvested the twenty-first successive crop of wheat from his farm, which averages 20 bushels to the acre.